

BLUE GRASS BLADE

Volume XVIII.

LEXINGTON, KY., NOVEMBER 14, 1909

Number 21

DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

Life's Journey Through Evolution

(By Mrs. J. J. Fykes.)

From shape to shape (by Nature's plan)
Life hurried—with the cell began,
And ended in the complex man.

From simple plastic cell—a small,
Weak drop of plasm, she did call
Through Time's eternity—Life's all.

The protoplasm changed anon
Into the nobler moneron,
When this earth's youth had scarce begun.

Then strange gelatinous forms, arrayed
In beauteous hues, Life spawned and bade
The wan waves nourish what she made.

And next the jelly, grown compact,
Assumed protections it had lacked,
Within a shell's bright pearl lay packed.

The gray seas teemed with a grotesque
And horrid consciousness,—the breast
Of earth lulled nightmare forms to rest.

For Life, experimenting still,
Brought forth huge forms to roam at will—
Fierce hearts, small brains and fangs that kill.

Evolved the eye, ear, nerve and brain,
The foot, fin, wing, and from the main
Called shapes to tenant hill and plain.

For life within the ocean's lap
Found origin. With honeyed sap,
Rare plants she filled, and hairy nap

Gave to their leaves and climbing stems,
And furnished flower-diadems,
Whose satin petals glowed like gems.

Then velvet-bodied insects she
Evolved, and through her wizardry
Caused many varied forms to be.

The venomous and sluggish snake,
The feathered songsters of the brake,
The frog who keeps the moon awake.

Side
Sep
High and Ashland East Side
A T Parker
erve and vein,
The down, heart, and brain
Behind the frail shell's thin membrane.

Then crowned the work she had begun
In earth's dim infancy, and on
Sped to her goal,—her work well done.

For man arose, who upright stands,
The ruler of all seas and lands,—
A reasoning mind and shaping hands.

She formed him when a younger sun
For earth its gown of radiance spun,—
Formed sinew, vein and ganglion.

But slowly did her work progress;
The long years carried to success
Her plan—weaned man from brutishness.

Evolved in him the mind's white light,
Gemmed with rare stars the troubled night
Of fear—removed its cankering blight.

True, slowly but the heights he won,
But loyal reason urged him on
Till he scaled stars and weighed the sun.

Life sees in him her noblest born,
Whom all her gifts of grace adorn,
Who to Truth's service has been sworn.

Not god-made he, but shaped to crown
Creation,—moving up, not down,—
Not born in sin, but for renown.

Born to all possibilities;
To stand, not live upon his knees
And placate goblin enemies.

No talking snake, transgressing Eve
Forever may our souls deceive,
Nor may priest's pompous word: "Believe!"

Believe! Aye, in our heritage—
In progress—not in Jehovah's rage,
Or in a book's inspired page.

Believe!—in Nature's promise grand,
The vast capacities at hand,
But not in Hell as priests command.

So shall we learn and understand.

San Francisco, Calif.